THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

"*Arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the world.*"—Words of Jesus to the Nephites. III NEPHI 11: 14.

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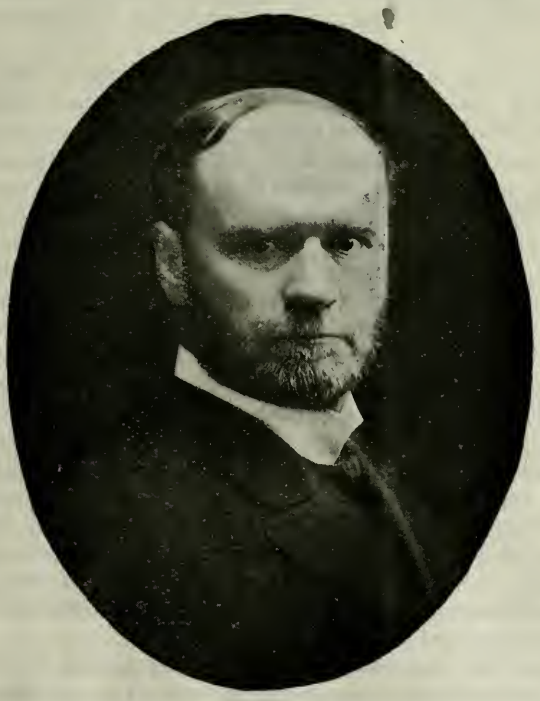

APOSTLE ORSON F. WHITNEY.

ORSON FERGUSON WHITNEY.

Bishop Orson F. Whitney, of Salt Lake City, who was recently called to the apostleship, is already known to the readers of the Star, to which he contributed, some time ago, a series of articles descriptive of his early missionary experiences in the United States. From the autumn of 1881 to the summer of 1883, while he was a missionary in Great Britain, he wrote much for this paper, and for about a year was its associate editor. Prior to that time he was a traveling Elder in the city of London, and was released from his editorial labors to preside over the London conference.

The Whitney's are of English descent, their earliest American ancestor, John Whitney, of London, settling at Watertown, Massachusetts, U.S.A., in 1635. The family name is Saxon, and was originally spelled Wyetenye, from the river Wye, in Herefordshire, near the border of Wales. The founder of the family was of Flemish stock, and came over with William the Conqueror.

In America the Whitney's spread over New England, where they are quite numerous, and over various other parts. One of the most noted among them was Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. Bishop Whitney's grandfather, Newel K. Whitney, was converted to "Mormonism" at Kirtland, Ohio, in the autumn of 1830. In the following February he entertained as honored guests the Prophet Joseph Smith and his wife Emma, when they moved from New York to Ohio, in the van of the migrating Church. Newel K. Whitney became the Bishop of Kirtland, and was afterwards the Presiding Bishop of the Church.

Orson F. Whitney is a native of Utah, and was born at Salt Lake City, Sunday, July 1, 1855. His father, Horace K., eldest son of the first Bishop Whitney, was one of the pioneers who accompanied President Brigham Young from the Missouri river to Salt Lake Valley in 1847. His mother, Helen Mar Whitney, was the eldest daughter of Apostle Heber C. Kimball.

Young Whitney was educated in the common schools of his native town, and in the University of Deseret. He was a natural student, had a wonderful memory, and absorbed knowledge from every available source. His preference, however, was for those studies that led toward literature, music, and the drama. He loved reading, but did not like arithmetic. He was very fond of elocution, and was accounted the best declaimer in school. Between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one he passed through a great variety of experiences, and developed unwittingly in the direction of his future labors as a bishop and an apostle. He was in turn a railroad teamster, an expressman, a sewing machine agent, and a mercantile clerk; but did not find his forte in any of these vocations. While loving literature and admiring oratory, he had no idea of becoming a writer or a speaker himself, but bent all his energies in the direction of the drama, and was fully determined, as he neared man's estate, to adopt the stage as a profession. He was turned from his purpose by a call to the mission field, in October 1876, and attributes his success in life to his acceptance of that call.

His mission drew him away from his worldly associates and ambitions, gave him a firm and lasting testimony, and made him a devout and zealous worker for the spread of the truth. He developed rapidly as a speaker and

a writer, and found to his surprise that these were the occupations for which nature intended him. He has engaged successfully in other pursuits, but has shown his greatest strength along the lines of literature and oratory. While not distinctively a man of affairs, he has been a successful bishop, presiding for nearly twenty-eight years over the Eighteenth Ward of Salt Lake City, which he has seen grow from one of the smallest and weakest into one of the largest, strongest, and most progressive wards in the Church.

While performing the duties of a bishop, which was all gratuitous service, he earned his livelihood, first by newspaper work, as city editor of the *Deseret News*; and afterwards as treasurer of Salt Lake City, as teacher of theology and English in the Brigham Young College, and as the author of several books, among them the History of Utah, in four large volumes. His first book, the "Life of Heber C. Kimball," was published in 1888. A year later he published his "Poetical Writings." His latest and greatest literary work is his poem "Elias—an Epic of the Ages," which was begun in 1900, and has been issued in splendid form by the Knickerbocker Press of New York.

Successively a city councilor, a legislative clerk, and a state senator, Bishop Whitney was also a member of the convention which framed the Constitution upon which the Territory of Utah, in 1896, was admitted into the Union as a sovereign state. He has delivered many sermons, lectures, and orations, and has written much for papers and magazines in and out of Utah. The publishers of the Encyclopedia Americana solicited and employed him to prepare their article on Utah, and the same appears over his signature in that great publication. From 1884 to 1890 he was chancellor of the University of Deseret (now University of Utah), and has been for several years the president of the Utah State Historical Society. From January 1899 until his call to the Apostleship he was an Assistant Church Historian.

The Bishop's call into the Quorum of the Twelve came on Sunday April 8, 1906, and he was ordained an Apostle on the day following, by President Joseph F. Smith. The event gave great satisfaction in Utah and wherever the Bishop is known. His talents will now have a wider field of operations, for the advancement of the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth.

A WEDDING JOURNEY.

BY C. W. PARRY, IN THE "YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL."

Nauvoo in the spring of 1846 could be likened to a hive of busy bees. The beautiful city, the comfortable homes, all had to be left to satisfy the demands of an angry mob. Homes, furniture, produce must be exchanged for what would be the wisest to take upon the journey to the mountains.

Robert C. Egbert, a man of about twenty-five years, was one of the busiest. Yes, he was preparing to go to the mountains, and more—five days before leaving the city of Nauvoo he was married to Seviah Cunningham, a young lady in her seventeenth year, who was now to start upon a strange wedding journey. Brother and Sister Egbert, with their wagon for a coach, and their earthly goods piled high behind them, were ready to go to the first gathering place, leaving friends and relatives and many that they held dear.

When they reached the Mississippi river they, with a number of others, loaded their wagons, oxen, cows, etc., upon a flat boat in which to cross. The boat had gone very nearly across when it struck a snag and began to fill with water. Seviah could not swim, and it looked as though they would drown before the rescue boat, which had been sent from the shore, could reach them. What were they to do? Young Robert told his wife he would wrench off a plank, and they could rest upon that, but the rescue boat reached them in time. The other boat sank. The young couple now had to wait for their things to be recovered. Upon reaching the west side of the river, they decided to stay two or three days until some of Brother Egbert's people arrived. While waiting, Robert was taken very sick. They marched one day in the hope of finding a better camping place, but at the new camp the water was not fit to drink. There was a clear, bubbling spring at a nearby house, and Seviah, taking her bucket, went to the man of the house, told him her husband was sick with a fever, and asked for some spring water. He refused to give her any, and she went back to the wagon almost broken hearted, for Robert was tossing and moaning for water.

"If the Lord doesn't heal me I will die," he told his young wife.

Poor, motherless girl! was she not in need of comfort?

"I can't spare you, I will get you some water if I have to steal it," and again taking her bucket, she went boldly to the spring and took some water.

The young man grew worse. The Elders administered to him, and they who were around thought him dying; but the strong faith of the girl wife upheld him. At her request they administered to him again, Seviah murmuring, "O Lord, spare his life. I can not let him go."

The Elders raised him to a sitting posture, and promised him new life, and that he should live to go to the mountains. His countenance changed and he gradually improved until the next morning, when he was able to leave the wagon and make a fire for his wife to get breakfast upon.

With returning health we next find the young people at Winter Quarters on that memorable morning in June, 1846, when Col. Allen in behalf of the government asked for five hundred men to give their services to their country, and that noble company known as the Mormon Battalion was formed. Brother Robert, always a faithful worker and ready to respond to duty's call, obeyed the counsel of President Brigham Young and left his girl bride when their journey had scarcely begun. Seviah was brave and willing, and had these parting words to cheer her:

"Never mind now, Seviah. I'll promise you one thing, I'll come back. I'll see you again." Samuel Egbert, Robert's eldest brother, promised to do all that he could for the young wife, and when the proper time arrived, to help her start on the journey again. For a year and a half she worked cheerfully, spinning, sewing, and doing anything to which she could turn her hands, Robert's parting words helping her: "I'll come back, I'll see you again."

Where was she all this time? Where a busy little woman should be; in Winter Quarters, in Florence and around in Missouri with her father, always with one object in view—to be ready when the "Mormon Battalion widows" were called to take their places in the company traveling westward. At last the precious word came, and Seviah was again a busy little girl.

"I can never drive two yoke of oxen," she said to Samuel. So the heavy wagon was traded off, and coming back with a lighter one, she found Samuel sick and unable to help her. Never mind. Joseph Egbert, a younger brother, was only three miles away, and what was a three mile horseback ride to a determined, plucky little woman. Joseph came back with her, willing to drive her little bunch of stock to the river which was ten miles away. She drove the oxen. Let us look back at the picture—a young girl of eighteen summers is seated in a loaded wagon. Before her stretches a road cut through thick trees and underbrush, just wide enough for the wagon and a footpath on either side. The forest is very dense. One joy, the oxen could not leave the road. The wagon is packed with great thought and care. What have we strapped behind in this large box? Look! Four chickens in one side, and, yes, a little pig in the other, while behind comes Joseph with the two cows that Robert had left, but now there were three calves. The twins are making one poor cow very anxious and hard to drive.

Shall we try to read Seviah's thoughts to see why she is looking so downcast and sad? She had said goodbye to friends and relatives, and is starting upon a new and strange part of her journey. Her heart is full, and as she drives through this wooded path, the thoughts chasing each other in quick succession through her mind are these—Where is Robert? (She has had no word from him.) Is he well? Where was she going? Would the task she had undertaken be too great for her? Starting from her deep study, she looked up and saw a man, who looked as though he had come a long way, standing between her oxen and the head-gate of her wagon. How did he get there? It seemed almost an impossibility for him to have come from the woods. She was startled to see him.

"Are you Robert Egbert's wife?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Here is a letter," and he tossed it into her lap, and passed back to the end of the wagon and into the brush and trees.

Joy indeed, her prayers were answered. Robert was well and safe—she was to come on and he would meet her half way. Everything was bright now. The oxen were not hard to drive, it was only gee and haw.

"Did you see that man?" she asked Joseph.

"Yes, I saw a man at the end of the wagon. He went off into the brush."

"Oh, Joseph, he brought me a letter from Robert." She read the letter to Joseph and later to the captain of the company.

When they had gone half way they were on the lookout but could hear no news of Robert. One day the slow teams were told to move forward while the faster teams did some blacksmithing. Seviah, driving slowly along, was talking about her husband to friends in the wagon ahead, when one of them exclaimed:

"There is Robert now."

He came up and shook hands; then glanced back saying,

"Who is behind? Seems like I know those oxen."

Seviah sat very still, scarcely daring to breathe, while he walked towards her, looking first at the outfit then up at the young girl seated in the wagon.

"Why, Seviah? Is that you?' he cried.

"He knows his oxen but did not know his wife," laughed the company.

Many questions were asked, and in the first hour the two years of separation were lived over again by the re-united pair. Robert denied writing the letter.

"No, no, I did not write the letter. I did not know I could meet you half way. I did not know you were on the way, or that you had started. Ten miles ahead they could not tell me anything of you, and I had decided to go back to Winter Quarters to find you."

Who, then, had written that letter? And who was the man who had tossed it into her lap and disappeared among the trees? Often Seviah pondered these two questions in her mind as they journeyed Zionward; but, though she was unable to answer them, there always remained the fact of the letter having been tossed to her, and with the remembrance there welled up in her heart a deep gratitude to God that comfort had come to her in a time of doubt and distress, and faith been given to travel on to meet her husband.

Brother Egbert tried to drive the team and give his wife a rest, but the oxen were spoiled, he declared, and rather than see them whipped, Seviah begged to drive them herself. She had learned to love her humble team. They knew her voice and would go over rough and difficult places if her coaxing tones were heard. Brother Egbert drove a team for his father, and our little pioneer guided her oxen right into the valley.

I hear someone asking, how about the pig, chickens, and calves? Master porker reached the valley after some little hardship. First, he was small when put into the box, but he grew and grew. Jolting was good for that pig. The partition had to be taken out, and the chickens given into the care of Mother Egbert. And still the pig grew and grew. His box was knocked to pieces and made into a pen. What did they do when his pen was again too small? They made a harness, and he was forced to walk underneath the wagon. Poor pig, why did you persist in growing? When they were coming through Echo canyon the pig took sick, and some wished to kill it, but Seviah said no. She fed him on chokecherries and he improved on this odd fare, and the much tried pig reached his journey's end. The calves had to be sold almost at the beginning of the trip, as the travel was too hard for them. The chickens came safely through with Mother Egbert.

The young people camped in Sister Mary Woodruff's yard until Robert built a one-room adobe house with willow roof and dirt floor. Into this they moved with joyful hearts. Their wedding journey was ended, and they were happy to have each other in their little mountain home.

A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT BEN E. RICH.

The *News* of Chattanooga, Tennessee, U.S.A., of June 21, 1906, prints the following:

"On Tuesday of this week the Latter-day Saint Elders located in Chattanooga in the offices of the Southern States mission celebrated the eighth anniversary of Mr. Rich's presidency of the Latter-day Saints' mission in the south.

"Several weeks ago the idea was conceived by the office force in Chattanooga of making Mr. Rich a presentation on this date, and it was decided to secure for him a very handsome office chair and desk. Accordingly, a letter making

clear the plans decided upon was sent to every Elder who is now, and who during the past eight years was associated with Mr. Rich in this field, asking each to contribute from five to twenty-five cents. A special post-office box was rented so as to keep all correspondence from falling into the hands of Mr. Rich. The result was more than gratifying. Several hundred missionaries responded by return mail.

"This idea met with their hearty support, and for days a constant stream of letters containing contributions to the fund, together with expressions of good-will and love came into the hands of the committee in charge.

"As fast as these letters came in, the sentiments were trimmed and pasted in to a beautiful limp back scrap book which had been especially made for the purpose. On the outside of the book was imprinted in gilt the words, 'Expressions of love and friendship from your companions,' and in the lower right hand corner the words, 'Ben E. Rich, Chattanooga, Tenn., June 19, 1906.'

"This volume contained over two hundred pages, and every page was filled with sentiments laid as close together as was possible to get. At 7:30 on Tuesday evening Mr. Rich was invited into the parlors of the mission where he was informed that his associates had prepared a little program in honor of his mission birthday. The exercises commenced with one of the favorite songs of Mr. Rich, in which all those present joined. A short prayer, suitable to the occasion, was offered, followed by the singing of another hymn, after which several of the sentiments from the vast collection of expressions sent were read. Mr. Rich was deeply moved by the many words of friendship and love from the men who had been with him in his work, many of whom had been with him at times when the Mormon missionaries were anything but welcome in certain sections, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he controlled his feelings.

"When this feature of the program was ended, the heavy curtain that concealed another room was drawn back, and Mr. Rich was presented with a magnificent mahogany office desk and chair, which is one of the finest pieces of furniture ever brought to this city. On the face of the desk was a solid silver plate bearing the inscription: 'Ben. E. Rich, on the eighth anniversary of his presidency over the Southern States Mission, from his companions.' The desk was opened, and from every pigeon hole and drawer, and lying all over the desk was new currency in one, two, five, and ten dollar bills, which money had been left over after the desk and chair had been paid for.

"During Mr. Rich's eight years stay in Chattanooga he has made hosts of friends, both socially and in a business way. Mr. Rich has done much for Chattanooga during his stay here, having spent thousands of dollars in the purchase of supplies, etc., for his people. No man stands higher in the business world in Chattanooga to-day than Mr. Rich, and it is a common expression to be heard from the business men of Chattanooga, that they were in hopes that Mr. Rich would be kept here permanently, and make his home in this city. It is usually the custom of the Mormon Church to keep their presidents in mission work only three or four years, but so successful has been Mr. Rich's work in Chattanooga that the officials of his church have seen fit to retain him here. It can be truthfully stated that no one could have done more for his church in this territory than has Mr. Rich."

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1906.

EDITORIAL

WOMEN AND RELIGION.

Pope Pius X does not believe in women being mixed up in politics or theology. With these limitations, according to the views of the Holy Father recorded by *Femina*, a journal devoted to woman's affairs, a woman may pursue any profession she pleases.

Mme. Camille Theimer, the noted Viennese novelist, obtained a special audience with the Pope, and questioned him on the subject of liberal professions. This is what he replied:

"Everything which tends to raise the moral and intellectual level of humanity is worthy of our encouragement, provided, of course, that the laws of Christianity are not infringed. It is only right that women should free themselves from the crushing yoke which society has imposed on them for centuries. It is right, too, that they should be able to secure their means of existence. They may study everything—except theology.

"For my part I do not see anything wrong in their becoming lawyers, doctors—doctors especially—in order that they may cure their kind and their children. This has been from all time in some form or another their natural vocation. Teaching also is equally one of the careers which suit them best. Are they not the first educators of their children, and thence of all humanity? It is through the mothers that the world will be regenerated."

From the foregoing expressions it is clear that the Pope holds the generally accepted views on religion, which is that religion, like the law or like medicine, may be used as a means of obtaining a livelihood. The religion of the world furnishes opportunity for "careers," "professions," and "vocations," whereby monetary incomes are secured—but women, according to the Pope, should not be permitted to study religion for this purpose, although it is hard to see, if it is classed as one of the professions, why women as well as men should not have equal right to this field of activity.

But the trouble lies in placing religion in the list of possible "careers," and they who do so, show an absence of understanding of what religion really is. Religion is life itself, and not merely one of the many aids and means by which life is supported. One of the great mistakes which Christendom persists in perpetuating is this selecting of a few men, and giving them special

training to become ministers of religion to the people. This system places the ministry on the same level as the law, medicine, the army, or any other of the supposedly higher means of obtaining a livelihood, and thus religion is robbed of its true meaning, and ofttimes degraded to the mere makeshift by which to obtain a daily maintainance.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ teaches no such doctrine. It says that religion is all in all. All the good, the true, the noble, the beautiful is included in religion. It is for everybody to study, young and old, rich and poor, male and female. The more the woman learns about it, the better she is qualified to perform her duties in life. Not that she should study it in order to get her living directly from it—neither should the man—but that she, through its power to enlighten and to uplift, may be a more sanctified blessing in the world.

HALTING BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS.

"To stand between two religions, one of which you have not yet lost, and the other which you have not yet entered, is unendurable, and twilight only pleases batlike souls," says Victor Hugo; and yet there are a good many who endure such a condition for a long time. The Gospel has shown to many people the fallacy of much which is taught as religion in the world to-day, and yet they fail to discard the error and embrace the truth. Certainly no person should hurriedly or unthinkingly change from one faith to another, but when the heart is convinced of a truth, there should be no more "halting between two opinions." One of the most soul-destroying things is not to try, at least, to live up to the light which we have. "This is the condemnation," said Jesus, "that light has come into the world," and men rejected that light.

The Gospel as restored to the earth in our day, and as preached by the Elders of the Church in all the world, is simply the coming of more light to the children of men. Blessed are they who discern the light and follow where it leads; but what shall we say of those who see the light, and although they acknowledge its beauty and worth, still linger in the dim regions wherein they have lived all their lives? Surely, such are under condemnation. This is what Jesus said of those who know but do not:

"And that servant, which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes.

"But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

N. A.

ONE of the most remarkable and memorable of gatherings in the history of the British mission was the conference of British Elders held in Bradford on July 22nd and 23rd. A full account of the proceedings will appear in the next issue of the STAR.

THE *Elders' Journal*, published in the interests of the Southern States mission at Chattanooga, Tenn., prints the following quotation from section sixty of the Doctrine and Covenants as a motto: "Behold, they that have

been sent to preach my Gospel among the congregations of the wicked; wherefore I give unto them a commandment thus: *Thou shalt not idle away thy time.*" This is a splendid motto for the Elders in all the world.

Arrivals.—The following missionaries arrived at Liverpool, July 21, 1906, per s.s. *Republic*: For Great Britain—John W. Fields, Lyman, Wyoming; Thomas S. Gregson, Eetna, Canada; Herbert J. Williams, Pocatello, Idaho; Reginald White, Sandy; Arthur Alvin Rowsell, West Jordan; Soren Peterson, Rexburg; James Nisbet, Farmer's Ward; Benjamin R. Lawrence, Erda; Bert S. Hymas, Treasureton, Idaho; Moses Edwards, Beaver; James Criddle, Kaysville. For Scandinavia—David Peterson, Lyman, Wyoming; Christen O. Thompson, Hyrum; Ernest J. Sjostrand, Salt Lake City; Hyrum J. Jensen, Forest Dale; Louis C. Jensen, Grover, Wyoming. For Sweden—Charles V. Erickson, Wilson; John O. Peterson, Logan; Gustaf W. Jenson, West Jordan. For Switzerland and Germany—Thomas W. Newman, Big Cottonwood; Charles E. Barrett, Logan; James E. Harrison, Pocatello, Idaho; Robert S. Gardner, Pine Valley; Albert Hafen, Bunkerville, Nevada; Andrew W. Hyer, Lewiston; Karl G. Maeser, Beaver; Walter F. Corbett; Salt Lake City. For the Netherlands—Friedrich Tadje, Cannon Ward; Charles H. Spencer, Jr., Mill Creek; George C. Mathews, James A. Hooper, Salt Lake City; Jacob N. Lybbert, Naples; James A. Nielson, Morgan. For South Africa—Samuel N. Alger, Jr., Sunnyside.

Appointments.—The Elders who arrived for the British mission July 13th and 25th, 1906, are appointed to labor in the following conferences: Arthur A. Rowsell, James A. Cragun, Herbert J. Williams, Bristol; James D. Dean, Ira J. Stoker, Reginald White, Grimsby; John W. Fields, Irish; Henry K. Bytheway, Leeds; David R. Tolman, Leonard M. Miller, Thomas S. Gregson, Liverpool; Parley B. Rees, Moses Edwards, Victor S. Amussen, Norwich; Samuel R. Egbert, Nottingham; James Nisbet, Benjamin R. Lawrence, Standley H. Rich, Sheffield; Henry E. Taylor, Richard West, Newcastle; Helaman P. Webster, Alma Revoir, Manchester; Soren Peterson, London; Bert S. Hymas, James Criddle, Birmingham.

Releases.—The following missionaries are honorably released to return home per s.s. *Republic*, August 3, 1806: William J. Dunkley, Leeds; Martin I. Bushman, Norwich; Jabez S. Adams, Ernest L. Ford, Nottingham.

Departures.—On Friday, July 20, 1906, the following missionaries sailed for Boston per s.s. *Arabic*: From Great Britain—Angus T. Lockhead, John Oliver, Alonzo Read, Emuel Bachman, George Albert Bullock, John T. Price, John F. Anderson, Lewis Robbins. From Scandinavia—Gilbert Torgerson, Lars L. Olsen, Jr., George M. Jorgensen. From Sweden—John Felt, Alvin O. Peterson, Alfred M. Nilson, Amos H. Mansson, Gustave H. Anderson, Carl E. Peterson. From Switzerland and Germany—Walter G. Johnson, Jacob Mause, Conrad Weber, William A. Hart, John S. Farrington. With the Elders were fifty-two passengers emigrating and returning to Utah points. Elder Jorgensen had charge of the company.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptisms.—On Sunday, July 15, 1906, a baptismal service was held in Hanley, of the Birmingham conference, at the corporation baths. Nine souls were added to the Church, Elder William A. Bennett officiating. At the evening services held the same day, a number of strangers who had witnessed the baptisms were present. The Elders say that prospects are bright in that district.

A baptismal service was held Sunday, July 8, 1906, at the Tibberton Square Baths, Essex Road, London, Elder S. G. Saville officiating. Four members were added to the Church.

Gospel News from Wales.—Brother Robert J. Walker, writing from Cardiff under date of July 2, tells of the progress of the work in that section:

"I am pleased to report that a most remarkable case of the healing of the sick took place here in Cardiff on the 17th of June. A young boy of about nine years of age took sick. His mother, who is a member of the Church, rushed him off to the chemist. In the meantime, his body became literally covered with blotches. The chemist, after examining him, said it was a case of scarlet fever, and he ordered the child to be taken home, put to bed, and a doctor to be got to see him. This took place on Saturday, the 16th, and on Sunday, the 17th, he was administered to. On the Monday he attended school with not even a blotch on him, and he was feeling all right.

"Some time ago I had a letter from a young man who was deeply impressed with the restoration of the Gospel, while under the roof of a member of the Church. He investigated for a period of eighteen months, and in his own words, he 'persecuted the church, not ignorantly.'

"But in order that he might prove all things and hold fast to that which is good, he petitioned the Lord to reveal to him his duty. His prayer was answered with a manifestation that he should walk a certain way, which would lead him to the truth, and in response to the same he came from Rhymney to Cardiff in company with the brother with whom he was living. I baptized him in the river Ely on Saturday, June 23, and confirmed him on the Sunday following. He spoke at the evening meeting. The remarks he made and the testimony he bore to the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith were very interesting to all the Saints present.

"I am glad to say that I had the pleasure of baptizing two others on the 29th June at Brinsaddlu, near Llantrisaint. There are now prospects for a better harvest in the future than we have had in the past."

A GLASGOW EXPERIENCE.

BY ELDER S. GROVER RICH, OF THE SCOTTISH CONFERENCE.

It is said that competition is the life of trade. By the same line of reasoning opposition often puts life into missionary work. There is no cause in which a person can be more zealous than in defense of Christ's Gospel, and

in defense of a people, who, though slandered, villified, and misrepresented, are daily living that Gospel.

For some time past, missionary labors in Glasgow have brought but little fruit. The Elders have been confronted with a cold indifference which is always more discouraging than opposition. However, we have recently had some encouragement which came in the form of a blessing in disguise.

One evening as we were leaving a street meeting, after its completion on Plantation Street, our ears were greeted with the announcement that the following Sabbath "Mormonism" would be exposed by the Rev. M. Harper in his church, which is situated in the same street nearby. For many years past the Latter-day Saint Elders have been and are now laboring diligently in every civilized nation to "expose" "Mormonism" and its teachings to the people of the earth; and that labor will continue until the Master shall appear.

As was expected, we learned by attending Mr. Harper's Sunday services that his sermon was not an exposition at all. Exposition is a plain statement of truth. His discourse was a plain statement of untruth, seasoned with bitterness. His effort was a re-hash of *The People's Friend* in the penny magazine style, but it was less crafty and less eloquent. He informed his flock that the "Mormons" and tinned meat came from America, and warned all to avoid them, intimating, of course, that no good would come out of that land. Our reverend friend also said, "I have no animosity toward these men, but I am angry with their doctrines." The Savior said, "He who is not for me is against me." Thus we see in what category our Master places those who become angry with His doctrine.

That same evening after our service, as is our custom, we held a street meeting on Plantation Street. The crowd was large and very attentive. Elder Angus T. Lockhead spoke at some length on the subject of tolerance. He explained the object of Latter-day Saint missionary work, stating that it was our desire to do good, and to carry on a work of construction rather than one of destruction, and that we were willing that Gamaliel's test—"If this work is of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it"—should apply to all. "We allow every man," he said, "to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and we ask for ourselves the same privilege." Elder Peter S. Condie followed and spoke on the subject of authority to preach and administer in the ordinances of the Gospel. However, he had not spoken at any great length when the scripture, "For the time shall come when they will not endure sound doctrine," was demonstrated by the Rev. Mr. Harper's flock which had gathered round the ring during the progress of our meeting, with their song books. They rushed into our space, and boisterously began to sing and shout. They demonstrated their love for Christ by holding up their right hand when requested to do so by one of their number.

Friends requested us to re-occupy the space and continue our service, and the police proffered to assist us and preserve order, but we quietly withdrew a short distance up the opposite street, the majority of the crowd following, and continued our meeting in peace. The attitude of the people was clearly shown by the eagerness with which they sought the tracts, and by the expres-

sions of disappointment from those who had not been successful in getting one before they were all out. However, we promised to be there again soon, with tracts for all.

Since that time we have had several peaceful and interesting meetings in that quarter, and we have been assured that we have many friends there. The occurrence has been a stimulus to us, and has given us much encouragement. Through it we are having a fair hearing, and people have become interested enough to investigate our teachings.

ELDERS PREACH IN A CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL.

BY ELDER HEBER C. SMITH OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

We feel that it would not be amiss to relate a little missionary experience that happened to us recently. Our present field of labor is the town of Taunton, located about fifty miles south of Bristol, and is known as one of Jarman's "hot-beds." Many people residing within its neighborhood seem to be sane on other subjects, but lose sight of all reason when it comes to "Mormonism." Through the influence of this class of people we have been deprived of the right to hold open-air meetings—a privilege that all other sects enjoy—and no other excuse is given us except that we are "Mormons," and therefore not welcome in their midst. But thank the Lord not all of our Father's children in these parts are so bigoted, but on the other hand many are fair-minded, realizing that there are always two sides to a question. The most pleasant part of our experiences is with this class of people.

Sunday, June the 24th, we were invited to attend a Baptist chapel some little distance west of Taunton. We left our lodgings at 6 p.m., feeling that we were giving ourselves ample time, but not being acquainted with the roads—and there are many of them—we unfortunately, or, as it afterwards appeared, fortunately, took the wrong road, and when we found ourselves in the village of Norton we were quite late for service. We decided to inspect the village with a view to tracting it in the near future, so we took the road leading to the west, and at last came to a Congregational chapel. We were told by the Spirit so plainly that we could not mistake the meaning, to go in. After a little unnecessary hesitation, owing to the lateness of the hour, but finding it impossible to get away from the promptings of the Spirit, we entered the Chapel, taking our seats well up to the front. An old gentleman was preaching from I John iii: 1: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." His remarks were very eloquent, and were just the kind to tickle the ears of his listeners. We could see and feel that what was needed was some good, sound doctrine, so we united in prayer to our heavenly Father that if it was His will that He would open the way for us to speak to the people.

After the service was over, we were impressed to remain and have a talk with the minister. We informed him that we were missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He showed no signs of being horrified, which was strange, and also a relief to us; but on the other hand, offered us his pulpit for the following Sunday, which we were not long in accepting.

He also kindly offered to advertise in person the meeting for the following Sunday evening, saying that he would, if it was in his power, take up a collection to defray our expenses. He was greatly surprised when we gave him to understand that freely we had received, and freely we would give. When we left that night our hearts were filled with gratitude to Him from whom all blessings flow. And who could say that this blessing was not a direct answer to prayer.

When the evening of July 1st arrived we found a nice congregation gathered in the chapel at Norton, and we were given the privilege of conducting the services. Elder Heber C. Smith took charge. After the hymns and prayer, Elder Calvin G. Roberts, who favored us with his presence, sang the hymn very beautifully which begins, "Though deepening trials throng your way." This was highly appreciated by all present. After a reading from I Cor., 2nd chapter, from the 9th to the last verses, Elder Smith spoke upon the first principles of the Gospel, showing the necessity of obedience to the same in order to gain the blessings from our heavenly Father. The minister then stepped forward, and after thanking us for our kindness in coming to his chapel, he said, "May the Lord bless the words that have been uttered here to-night." Elder Ambrose Woolford then dismissed the meeting and we distributed Gospel tracts to those present. A very quiet, peaceful spirit prevailed throughout our services, and we feel that some good will be accomplished. The minister gave us a hearty invitation to visit him at his home.

Our testimonies grow from day to day, which gives us joy and satisfaction in our labors, and we know, and our little experience at Taunton confirms the fact, that no power can stop God's work, for it is destined to fill the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S STRANGE JOURNEY.

THE sun, taking with him the earth and all the other planets which revolve around him, is every moment moving onward through space towards the stars, themselves members of other systems, at an enormous rate. The object of this journey, where it will lead us, and what force is impelling it, none can tell, says W. G. Bell, in the *Windsor Magazine*. The speed is terrific:

"Yet it is significant in the vast theatre in which the celestial motions take place, where space and time are infinite. At some future age, many millions of years to come, it may be, the heavens will not have the appearance they have now.

"The earth's position in relation to them will have changed.

"The journey we are making is towards Hercules, a familiar constellation in the northern heavens, and attractive to those who possess telescopes by reason of the magnificent star cluster found within it—the finest cluster of close stars in the skies.

"The evidence of this stupendous journey which the sun is taking rests upon some of the most delicate investigations of astronomy.

"Long ago it was found that the so-called 'fixed' stars were by no means fixed in the skies, but had motions which in very many cases were sufficiently

large to be measured. It then became natural for the inference to be drawn, that the sun also, which is merely a star, and not a very large one, might be moving away in space.

"This general movement suggests that there is some central point which is the pivot of the whole universe, but such a point has yet to be discovered. The well-known cluster called the Pleiades was once thought to be such a pivot, but this is now easily proved to be an error. The cluster is of great general interest, however.

"Six of the stars of the Pleiades can be clearly distinguished with the unaided eye, Alcyone, the brightest, being of the third magnitude. Surrounding them is a haze of light emitted by many smaller stars, which are too faint to be individually separated, but in a telescope or camera the cluster is found to be composed of upwards of two thousand stars.

"The pace of the solar system's journey is put at something between four and fourteen miles a second! On the basis of this large figure some startling calculations can be made.

"The best-known star in the heavens is Sirius, the 'dog-star.' It is the brightest of them all, and its distance has been put at 49,000,000,000,000 miles! The figures merely convey something approaching infinite distance.

"Now, if it be the case that our sun is moving with a velocity of fourteen miles a second, it will travel nearly 442 millions of miles in a single year. Consequently, if it were traveling in a straight line in the direction of Sirius, it would reach that star in about 110,000 years.

"In the short span of human life, no change can be expected to be observed in the appearance of the heavens, but the reflection is forced upon us that if only the human race survives, a time must come, when, owing to the sun's journey, we shall not see all the stars dotted over the sky in their present perspective, and some of the constellations will have lost the forms by which they are now so easily identified."

ARE THEY OF ISRAEL?

A French lecturer, De Roux, has recently written a magazine article, in which he endeavors to prove that many of the descendants of Jacob are found in Japan.

He arrives at this conclusion by studying the facial characteristics of numerous portraits, and also specimens of Japanese art. Of the portraits of Japanese of high social rank, he says:

"These people are not Japanese. They are Israelites. They are Jews—Russian Jews, bearing, no doubt, more of the marks of Asia than their brethren in Western Europe, but still the posterity of Jacob. They are from the Ghettos of Moscow and Warsaw."

Some specimens of ancient Japanese are thought to represent the exodus of Jews to Japan. M. de Roux comments thus:

"They show what could be described as the advanced guard of the tribes in their exodus. If these pages come under the notice of rabbis familiar with

the archaeological traditions of their people, they will no doubt be struck by the resemblance that can be seen between the canes, umbrellas, and banners which appear in these pictures, and the similar objects which were in use in the temple of Israel. For my part I have met in the Ethiopian church, which is still imbued with the Hebraic cult, these forked-sticks and crutch-sticks of the priests, these bonnets of judgment, these umbrellas and these hornlike coiffures, which are found even in the head of the 'Moses' of Michael Angelo as a sign of his initiation. I am especially impressed by the processions of personages, armed and helmeted, half religious, half military figures, which issue from the depth of the Talmud and are found in the Solomonesque church of Ethiopia, just as in these processions of the Japanese pictures."

It is well known that scholars are at a loss to account satisfactorily for the ancient history of Japan. That some of the descendants of Jacob should have found their way to Japan, after the breaking up of the Assyrian empire, is not improbable. Israelites have been found in China, preserving much of the old tradition and religion, and it is by no means incredible that some of that race should have crossed over to the Japanese islands, and there become a factor in the development of the country and the nation. Israel was scattered throughout the world, in order to act as a leaven, preparing all the nations of the earth for the last dispensation.—*Deseret News.*

ONLY TO-DAY IS OUR OWN.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy forgive, receive them;
Only the new days are our own—
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

SELECTED.

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